

Arkansas Traveller

Soprano
Alto
Bass

O, once u-pon a time in Ar-kan - sas, An old man sat in his lit-tle cab in door, And

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A
B

fiddled at a tunethat he liked to hear, A jolly old _tunethat he playedby ear. It was rain-ing _hard,but the
fiddled at a tunethat he liked to hear, A jolly old tunethat he playedby ear. It was rain-ing _hard,but the
fiddled at a tunethat he liked to _hear, A jolly old tunethat he playedby ear. It was raining hard,but the

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S
A
B

fiddler didn't care, he sawed away at the popu-lar air, thoughhis roof top _leakedlike a wa-ter _fall, that
fiddler didn't care, he sawed away at the popu-lar air, thoughhis roof top _leakedlike a wa-ter _fall, that
fiddler didn't care, he sawed away at the popu-lar air, thoughhis rooftop leakedlike a water fall, that

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S
A
B

did - n't seem to bot - her the man at all.
did - n't seem to bot - her the man at all.
did - n't seem to bot - her the man at all.

A Traveler was riding by that day,
And stopped to hear him a practising away;
The cabin was afloat and his feet were wet,
but still the old man didn't seem to fret.
So the Stranger said, "Now the way
it seems to me,
you had better mend your roof" said he.
But the old man said, as he played away,
"I couldn't mend it now it's a rainy day"

The Traveler replied: "That's all quite true,
But this I think is the thing for you to do;
Get busy on a day tha'ts fair and bright,
Then patch the old roof till it's good and tight."
But the old man kept a [playing at his reel,
And tapped the ground with his leathery heel:
"Get along", said he, "for you give me a pain:
my cabin never leaks when it doesn't rain."